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To divert themselves
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Company are—
Joseph Pratt,
George Beach,
Stephen Spencer,
James Thomas,
Elisia Peck,
Daniel Burgess,
Ward Woodbridge.
Joseph Church.

K. BRACE, President.

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following works:

opeland's Medical Di-
ctionary,
lackwood's Magazine,
theological Review,
Johnson's Journal,
the Knickerbocker,
New England Magazine,
Quarterly Register,
Scientific Journal,
Select Journal,
New Monthly Magazine,
Portrait Gallery,
the Mechanic,
the Moral Reformer,

for sale as above,
Margaret and Henrietta.

THIS! ☺

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bound, and soles on the
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passes any thing of the
sale at the old stand of
the Free Church,
place in the city.

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a Rubbers in exchange,
paid.

F. WILEY, Agent.

61

LAZING, &
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VID BROCKWAY.

52

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COMPANY

are now ready to re-
nd MARINE INSU-
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orporated by the Legis-
lature. Its capital is ONE
THOUSAND DOL-
ARS the same to Half a
Dollar all paid in or secured,
(\$00) is vested in Bank
and endorsed notes; all
which could be converted into
payment of losses. The
issue policies on an
Office in the United
States in conducting
they expect to gain the
following gentlemen

in Cowles,
John Webs,
John Waterman,
Samuel Kellogg,
aniel Hopkins,
Charles Sheldon,
ary A. Perkins,
atio Alden,
thomas P. Burnham,
H. Northam,
n.

ORTH, President.

Cards, and

and on short notices.

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CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the—churches."

VOL. XIV.—NO. 7.]

HARTFORD, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 683.

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.
PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD

HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE
CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

Price, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum. If paid within four months of the time of subscribing, a deduction of 50 cents will be made. Postage to be paid by subscribers. To Agents who receive and pay for eight or more copies, a discount of 12 per cent. will be allowed.

All subscriptions are understood to be made for one year, unless there is a special agreement to the contrary at the time of subscribing. No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, unless notice is given, and arrears paid.

Letters on subjects connected with the paper should be addressed to PHILEMON CANFIELD, post paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms.

ELEVENTH REPORT

Of the Board of Managers of the
BAPTIST GENERAL TRACT SOCIETY,

For the year ending December 31st, 1834.

(Concluded.)

J. G. ONCKEN.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO INCREASED EXERTION.

The attention of your Board has also been directed in the Providence of God, to France and Germany. In the latter country particularly, the demand for tracts is urgent; and the facilities for their circulation are multiplying.—In April last, a Baptist Church of seven members was constituted at Hamburg, and Mr. Oncken was called to be their preacher. The following extract of a letter from him recently received by the General Agent, will show the need of increased exertions in behalf of Germany.

Brother Jacobs, of Patterson, New Jersey, in a letter to the General Agent, of August 5th, 1834, after giving a pleasing account of the baptism of twenty-four persons, most of them teachers and scholars in the Sunday School, says:—

"One case I would especially relate to you, as being more particularly interesting to me and to yourself. It is that of my daughter, Cynthia M. Jacobs, one of the teachers of our Sunday School. The first serious impressions that fastened on her mind were occasioned by reading the tract 'Christ Rejected,' some time in the first part of May. I will give you the account in her own words.

"Previous to that time, I had read the Bible, attended the Sunday School, had been to church, to prayer and conference meetings, to please my father, out of obedience and affection to him; and when he has given each of us a tract (that the family,) as was his custom when he received them from the Depository, I have generally laid them aside. But when he gave me this tract, 'CHRIST REJECTED,' I looked at the title, and the thought struck me, that I had always rejected him. I now became interested for my soul, and read the tract attentively with prayer, as one that must be saved by Christ or be lost forever. The impressions left me not till I had found peace through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ."

"She was received by the church, and baptized with several other persons—all teachers and scholars—on the first Lord's day in June, she being just 15 years old on that day.

"Thus you see, my dear brother, we have great cause to bless the Lord, and take courage, knowing that he can and often does bless the weakest means; and also that our labor is not vain in the Lord. You, my dear brother, can judge of the feelings of my soul. Pray for us."

Your Board know no other individual who has bought, and with his own hands distributed, so many of the publications of the Society, as our respected brother Jacobs, and that too a part of the time "in a great trial of affliction." After sowing in tears, he now begins to see the promise verified, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." To have one dear child converted to God, through the instrumentality of those publications which he so literally and so unceasingly distributed, is more than a compensation for all his labours, prayers and tears.

The following was received from brother

Thomson of St. Clair county, Alabama. The Tract entitled, "The Great Question Answered," was one day lying upon the floor of his house, when a young man from the neighborhood came in, and in passing across the room, took it up and read it. The result was an alarming conviction that he was a lost sinner; and he was led to adopt the great question himself, "What shall I do to be saved?" He found no peace till he obtained pardon through 'the blood of Jesus Christ,' which 'cleanseth from all sin.'

Brother Challiss, pastor of the Upper Freehold Baptist Church, New Jersey, writes August 18th, 1834:

"We have lately had the pleasure of baptizing several hopeful converts, and among them an amiable young lady, who is another instance of the beneficial effects of tract distribution.—In telling the church what 'the Lord had done for her soul,' she stated that she was first awakened by my presenting her the tract entitled, 'Are ye prepared to die?' and connecting with this, personal conversation on the subject. By these means she was deeply convicted, and in due season found Christ the hope of glory. She is now 'going on her way rejoicing.' May the Lord bless the tract cause abundantly."

The Tract Society at Hamburg is flourishing and doing much good—it issued last year upwards of 300,000 tracts, a considerable proportion of which was sent to Russia, the South of Germany and Switzerland.

I am now reading the memoir of that excellent woman, Mrs. Judson, and by the blessing of God, it has done me already much good. I am very anxious that it should be translated, as by that means, it would familiarize many minds with the Baptists, and produce in them a friendly disposition, which cannot be effected by put-

ting works in their hands, that treat exclusively on the subject of baptism. Can you do anything in furtherance of this object? A considerable number would be sold, but the risk is too great for my means, to undertake it alone.

Our little Church at Hamburg is, I trust, flourishing. Five believers have been baptized since its formation, and one of the dear brethren, baptized by brother Sears, was a few days since called by the Lord to join the church triumphant. He was a man of God, and to his last day, zealously engaged in promoting the good of those around him. I shall probably send a short sketch of his interesting life to some of our brethren in America. At present I must bid you farewell. The Lord Jesus, that ever constant friend, who loved us and bought us with his heart's blood, and who cannot be satisfied till he has us near his heart in heaven, bless you and all the brethren. Your unworthy but affectionate brother in Christ Jesus.

J. G. ONCKEN.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO INCREASED EXERTION.

A powerful motive to persevere in the work which this Society has undertaken, is found in the evidence that God is blessing its publications in the conversion of sinners to himself. Several facts of this kind have been communicated to the Board during the past year, some of which they feel bound to record to the praise of Divine Grace.

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She is now 'going on her way rejoicing.'

May the Lord bless the tract cause abundantly."

In a letter from brother George Byrne, Agent

of the Depository in Norwich city, dated Dec.

22d, 1834, the Board have received the follow-

ing information.

religion, and there will be something in his correspondence among men, in his deportment, yet, his very appearance, which will indicate what he feels within. Then, and only then, does his light properly shine, and he exert that influence which a Christian should. But, alas, is it not the case with very many professors, that they can be free and sociable, yea, warm and zealous on worldly affairs, politics, and the like, yet the moment you introduce feeling conversation on religion to them, their whole demeanor will indicate that there is not another subject on earth to which they feel such cold indifference, and perhaps strong and settled aversion! Occasionally you will see, around some of these professors, a group of the ungodly gather and perhaps swear with impunity and without rebuke, plainly indicating that there is nothing in all this either "vexes" or disturbs "their righteous souls." Yet these persons are as tenacious of some certain system as a Mahomedan would be of his. What, alas, must be the influence which such persons carry in such a world as this! "If the light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" We ask again, and let every professor put the question home to his heart, as in the light of eternity, what is the light *actually* emitted from us? What, and where, is the amount of our actual influence in the world? Let a Christian church deeply feel and act under the influence of gospel truth, and you will not long see the world lie still around them.

FREDERICK FREEMAN.

P. S. Jan 27th. Since writing the above, there have been five or six coverings, and three baptised in this place, and the work has appeared in the adjoining town of Lafayette.—The awful solemnity and power which accompanies this work in many instances is truly sublime.

F. F.

For the Christian Secretary.

MR. EDITOR,

As you inserted a short article in the last Secretary respecting the recent excitement at Salem, I am persuaded that all your readers would be pleased to see a copy of the original article published by Rev. Mr. Cheever in the Landmark, and subsequently in the Boston Transcript and N. Y. Evangelist. I think it will easily be perceived that he suffered for Christ's sake. I am informed by a ministering brother that Mr. C. is one of the most devoted and spiritual ministers in Massachusetts. And that his object was to subserve the cause of God, I entertain no doubt. We have nothing to do with the controversy at all, any farther than to stand for justice and contend for the truth and righteousness. The idea that there are any personal reflections in the article against Deacon Stone, can hardly be conceived, since his name is not mentioned or alluded to. If Deacon S. is following a laudable business, what occasion to suppose that Amos Giles means Deac. S.? It seems by the papers, that Deac. S. is an officer in the Unitarian church in Salem, and that he keeps up a distillery. I conceive it to be an erroneous idea that things must not be called by their right names, for fear of personalities at this late day, when all good men are, or certainly ought to be engaged in putting down intemperance, and preventing the deadly streams that scour and burn up the land. There was a time when ignorance might be winked at; but that day has passed by. Christians are bound to rebuke sin wherever they find it; and to do it as faithfully as the Bible does it. If men suffer for doing their duty, it is what they may expect from the declarations of Christ; "They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." This compromising half union with the world, and shaking hands with the devil, reminds me of a sailor who was overheard to pray sometimes to the Lord and sometimes to the devil, and assigned as a reason for it that he did not know whose hands he might fall into. I mean simply by this, that truth should be told, without fear of giving offence to the enemies of Christ. I know an aged minister of the gospel, when preaching in this town, quoted scripture as follows: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not, shall not be saved; and when enquired of why he repeated it thus in his sermon? he replied, "O I am afraid my people would be offended if I should repeat it as it is in the Bible; and the minister of Christ said this, in serious and sober earnest. Now this is a case in point: ministers are afraid to preach the truth, lest some wicked man should be offended. Writers for periodicals, must make all their remarks so general, as to apply to nobody and nothing, or else they are in danger of receiving the censures.

When good men act and write for the public good, and with the best of motives, they ought to be defended if cowards are failing thicker than dew drops. What has become of the spirit of '76, either in politics or religion? Mr. Cheever has ingeniously and elegantly exhibited the latter, and he carried it through. For when attacked, he deliberately folded his arms and received the large cowards in many heavy blows, until the assailant was prevented by another person. Mr. C. then calmly said; *I freely forgive you, and raising his hands towards heaven, added, and I pray God to forgive you.* This is carrying out in practice, the spirit of the gospel. If all the people of God would exhibit such a spirit, what a mighty phalanx would they present to the enemies of God! I will only add, go ahead Brother Cheever, and the Lord be with you and defend you. Heaven expects you, and every other good man to do his duty. I trust Br. Editor you will follow these remarks by Mr. C.'s article, for like an almanack, it will answer for any meridian in the same latitude.

As ever, yours affectionately,

AMICUS.

From the Salem Landmark.

"INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY." Some time ago the writer's notice was arrested by an advertisement in one of the newspapers, which closed with words similar to the

following: "Inquire at Amos Giles' Distillery." The readers of the Landmark may suppose, if they choose, that the following story was a dream, suggested by that phrase:

Deacon Giles was a man who loved money, and was never troubled with tenderness of conscience. His father and his grandfather before him had been distillers, and the same occupation had come to him as an heirloom in the family. The still-house was black with age, as well as with the smoke of furnaces that never went out, and the fumes of tortured ingredients, ceaselessly converted into alcohol. It looked like one of Vulcan's Smithies translated from the infernal regions into this world. Its stench filled the atmosphere, and it seemed as if drops of poisonous alcoholic perspiration might be made to ooze out from any one of its timbers or clapboards on a slight pressure. Its owner was a treasurer to a Bible Society, and he had a little counting room in one corner of the distillery where he sold Bibles.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house. Any one of those Bibles would have told him this, but he chose to learn it from experience. It was said that the worm of the still lay coiled in the bosom of his family, and certain it is that one of its members had drowned himself in the vat of hot liquor, in the bottom of which a skeleton was some time after found, with heavy weights tied to the ankle bones. Moreover, Deacon Giles' temper was none of the sweetest, naturally, and the liquor he drank, and the fires and spirituous fumes among which he lived, did nothing to soften it. If his workmen sometimes fell into his vat, he himself ofener fell out with his workmen.—This was not to be wondered at, considering the nature of their wares, which, according to no unfrequent stipulation, would be as much raw rum as they could drink.

Deacon Giles worked on the Sabbath. He would neither suffer the fires of the distillery to go out, nor to burn while he was idle; so he kept as busy as they. One Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarrelled, and all went off in anger.—He was in much perplexity for want of hands to do the work of the devil on the Lord's day. In the dusk of the evening a gang of singular looking fellows entered the door of the distillery. Their dress was wild and uncouth, their eyes glared, and their language had a tone that was awful. They offered to work for the Deacon; and he, on his part, was overjoyed, for he thought within himself that as they had probably been turned out of employment elsewhere, he could engage them on his own terms.

He made them his accustomed offer: as much rum every day, when work was done, as they could drink; but they would not take it. Some of them broke out and told him that they had enough of hot things where they came from, without drinking damnation in the distillery. And when they said that, it seemed to the Deacon as if their breath burned blue; but he was not certain and could not tell what to make of it. Then he offered them a pittance of money; but they set up such a laugh, that he thought the roof of the building would fall in. They demanded a sum, which the Deacon said he could not give, and would not, to the best set of workmen that ever lived, much less to such piratical looking scape-jails as they. Finally he said he would give half what they asked, if they would take two thirds of that in Bibles. When he mentioned the word Bibles, they all looked towards the door, and made a step backwards, and the Deacon thought they trembled, but whether it was anger or delirium tremens, or something else, he could not tell. However, they winked, and made signs to each other, and then one of them, who seemed to be the head man, agreed with the Deacon, that if he would let them work by night instead of day, they would stay with him awhile, and work on his own terms. To this he agreed, and they immediately went to work.

The Deacon had a fresh cargo of molasses to be worked up, and a great many hogsheads then in from his country customers, to be filled with liquor. When he went home, he locked up the doors, leaving the distillery to his new workmen. As soon as he was gone, you would have thought that one of the chambers of hell had been transported to earth, with all its inmates. The distillery glowed with fires that burned hotter than ever before, and the figures of the demons passing to and fro, and leaping and yelling in the midst of their work, made it look like the entrance to the bottomless pit.

Some of them sat astride the rafters, over the heads of the others, and amused themselves with blowing flames out of their mouths. The work of distilling seemed play to them, and they carried it on with supernatural rapidity. It was hot enough to have boiled the molasses in any part of the distillery, but they did not seem to mind it at all. Some lit the hogsheads as easily as you would raise a tea-cup, and turned their contents into the proper receptacles; some scummed the boiling liquids; some with huge ladles dipped the smoking fluid from the different vats, and raising it high in the air, seemed to take great delight in watching the fiery stream, as they spouted it back again; some drafted the distilled liquor into empty casks and hogsheads;—some stirred the fires; all were boisterous and horribly profane, and seemed to engage in their work with such familiar and malignant satisfaction, that I concluded the business of distilling was as natural as hell, and must have originated there.

I gathered from their talk that they were going to play a trick upon the Deacon, that should cure him of offering rum and Bibles to his workmen;—and I soon found out from their conversation and movements, what it was.—They were going to write certain inscriptions on all his rum-casks, that should remain invisible until they were sold by the Deacon, but should flame out in characters of fire, as soon as they were broached by his retailers, or exposed for the use of the drunkards.

When they had filled a few casks with liquor, one of them took a great coal of fire, and having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, proceeded to write, apparently by

way of experiment, upon the heads of the different vessels. Just as it was drawn, they left off work and all vanished together.

In the morning the Deacon was puzzled to know how the workmen got out of the distillery, which he found fast locked as he had left it. He was still more amazed to find they had done more work in one night, than could have been accomplished, in the ordinary way, in three weeks. He pondered the thing not a little, and almost concluded that it was the work of supernatural agents. At any rate, they had done so much that he thought he could afford to attend meeting that day, as it was the Sabbath. Accordingly he went to church, and heard his minister say that God could pardon sin without an atonement, that the words hell and devils were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved. He was much pleased, and inwardly resolved he would send his minister a half cask of wine, and as it happened to be communion Sabbath, he attended meeting all day. In the evening the men came again, and again the Deacon locked them in to themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum barrels, and kegs, and hogsheads, with liquor, and marked them all, as on the preceding night, with invisible inscriptions. Most of the titles ran thus: "CONSUMPTION SOLD HERE. INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY." CONVULSIONS AND EPILEPSIES. INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY." INSANITY AND MURDER. INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY." DROPSY AND RHEUMATISM." PUTRID FEVER, AND CHOLERA IN THE COLLAPSE. INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY." DELIRIUM TREMENS. INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY."

Many of the casks had on them inscriptions like the following: DISTILLED DEATH AND LIQUID DAMNATION. THE ELIXIR OF HELL FOR THE BODIES OF THOSE WHOSE SOULS ARE COMING THERE.—Some of the demons had even taken sentences from the Scriptures, and marked the hogsheads thus: "WHO HATH WOES? INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY." WHO HATH REDNESS OF EYES? INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY." OTHERS had written sentences like the following: "A POTION FROM THE LAKE OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE. INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY!" All these inscriptions burned when visible, a still and awful red." One of the most terrible in its appearance was as follows: "KEEPING AND WAILING AND GNASHING OF TEETH. INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY."

In the morning the workmen vanished as before, just as it was dawn; but in the dusk of the evening they came again, and told the Deacon it was against their principles to take any wages for work done between Saturday night and Monday morning, and as they could not stay with him any longer, he was welcome to what they had done. The Deacon was very urgent to have them remain, and offered to hire them for the season at any wages, but they would not. So he thanked them, and they went away, and he saw them no more.

In the course of the week most of the casks were sent into the country, and duly hoisted on their stumps, in conspicuous situations, in the taverns, and groceries, and rum-shops. But no sooner had the first glass been drawn from any of them, than the invisible inscriptions flamed out on the cask-head to every beholder. Consumption sold here. Delirium Tremens. Death, Damnation and Hellfire." The drunkards were terrified from the dram shops; the bar-rooms were emptied of their customers; but in their place a gaping crowd filled every store that possessed a cask of the Deacon's devil-distilled liquor, to wonder and be affrighted at the spectacle. For no art could efface the inscriptions. And even when the liquor was drawn into new casks, the same deadly letters broke out in blue and red flame all over the surface.

The rum-sellers, and grocers, and tavern-keepers were full of fury. They loaded their teams with the accursed liquor, and drove it back to the distillery. All around and before the door of the Deacon's establishment the returned casks were piled one upon another, and it seemed as if the inscriptions burned brighter than ever. Consumption, Damnation, Death, and Hell, mingled together in frightful confusion; and in equal prominence, in every case flamed out the direction, "INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES' DISTILLERY." One would have thought that the bare sight would have been enough to terrify every drunkard from his cups, and every trader from the dreadful traffic in ardent spirits. Indeed, it had some effect for a time, but it was not lasting, and the demons knew it would not be, when they played the trick; for they knew the Deacon would continue to make rum, and that as long as he continued to make it, there would be people to buy and drink it. And so it proved.

The Deacon had to turn a vast quantity of liquor into the street, and burn up the hogsheads; and his distillery has smelled of brimstone ever since; but he would not give up the trade. He carries it on still, and every time I see his advertisement, "INQUIRE AT AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY," I think I see Hell and Damnation, and he the proprietor.

A PALPABLE HIT.

From the Boston Recorder.

The Outrage at Salem.—We learn from the Landmark, that on Monday, the Police Court ordered Geo. W. Jenks, John F. Putnam, and Elias Ham, to recognize in the sum of \$1000 each, for their appearance at the Court of Common Pleas in March, to be tried for an assault on Rev. Geo. B. Cheever. The Editor of the Landmark says,

"On Monday morning, the Editor and printer of this paper were recognized in the sum of \$4000 each to appear at the Court of Common Pleas on the third Monday of March next to answer to the charge of publishing a libel against Dea. Stone, distiller in Salem, Elias Ham, foreman in the distillery, and one Mr. Dodge who we believe died some time in the last century."

We have received, for publication in the Re-

corder, a letter, purporting to be from the Worm of the Still in Dea. Giles' Distillery, giving an account of some particulars omitted in the article ascribed to Mr. Cheever. We think it best not to publish it, while in our present state of uncertainty on some important points. We learn that Dea. Stone thinks, or his friends think, that so many of the assertions in Mr. Cheever's article are true of him, that it must have been meant for him in particular. We suppose he means to prove that Mr. Cheever's article was written with a libellous intention, and means him, by showing that he and his distillery are more accurately described in that article, than they could have been, had there been no such design. Still, we do not know what the facts are. We do not know whether Dea. Stone means to prove that he is treasurer of a Bible Society, and keeps Bibles in one corner of his Distillery; or that any of his family have become intemperate; or any of his relations have drowned themselves in his vats; or that he ever sent a half-cask of wine to his minister; or that his rum was ever sent back to him for any cause. In this state of ignorance, we do not know what it is safe to say, or whether some of the statements of our correspondent, the Worm, may not have a "personal bearing."

Besides; if we should publish a libel and have to pay damages, we do not know, we cannot even guess, how heavy the damages would be. We have no means of knowing the present value of the Deacon's distillery, or the worth of his business in it. We are unable to determine, whether he will ever be able, henceforth, to work it in a comfortable state of mind, or whether it will always be haunted by the remembrance of Mr. Cheever, and Mr. Ham, and those singularly leaking workmen, and their fearful inscriptions. We are unable to guess, with any degree of confidence, at its present value in the market; whether any one will buy a distillery in Salem, without first inquiring whether it ever belonged, or was said to belong, to Dea. Amos Giles; or how easily soever men can be hired to labor in it.

The distillery is doubtless the more valuable, for being so thoroughly advertised. Mr. Cheever's article is going, as fast as an article can go, to the ends of the earth. The political papers copy it. The N. Y. Evangelist has published it. We are told that a large edition has been struck off in pamphlet form. It will soon reach every nook and corner of this nation, Great Britain and Ireland, South Africa, India, New Holland, and Van Dieman's land. Every where, the fact that its reputed author has been prosecuted for a libel on Dea. Stone, distiller, of Salem, Mass. will go with it. This universal notoriety, gained by claiming the article as a libel on Dea. Stone, may be of much value; but then, the style of the advertisement may be rather a disadvantage. We cannot tell how these things will affect the makers, sellers, and drinkers of rum; and therefore cannot tell how great a risk we should run, by publishing any thing which may happen to be personal.

Of one thing, however, we are perfectly satisfied. All this excitement at Salem does not arise from sympathy with Dea. Stone, distiller, Mr. Ham, his foreman, and "the family of the late Pickering Dodge." The effect is altogether too great to be ascribed to such a cause. We could as soon believe that the fires of Vesuvius are fed by India crackers. It was the showing up of Salem Unitarianism, the exposition of its fitness to soothe the conscience of Dea. Amos Giles," joined with the remembrance of Mr. Cheever's former offences against the self-complacency of its adherents, that raised such a tempest. The distiller and his foreman, we grant, may have had "private griefs, that made them do it." Other servants of the worshippers of Bacchus may have had the same,—and the worshippers too. Still, but for the theological offence, Salem would have been comparatively quiet. In six months, at the farthest, we opine, many of them will be ashamed of it, and will be positive that they never said—or, at least—they never really meant any such thing.

For the Secretary.

MR. EDITOR,

I wish to make a few remarks on the subject discussed by Delta, and O. Martin. It appears to me that the point is very easily settled, and I entertain no doubt that Delta will cheerfully relinquish his present mode of giving out hymns as soon as he is convinced of his error.

1st then, let me present what we will for the present call a *verse* in Long Metre:

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing.
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night."

Now if it can be made to appear that the above verse contains at least two, if not four stanzas, I trust Br. Delta will see the impropriety of calling them one stanza.

2. In order to ascertain the meaning of the word, we will take Delta's own authority. In Adam's Latin Grammar by Benj. A. Gould, page 277, we read as follows: "A Strophe, or Stanza, includes as many lines as are necessary to show all the different kinds of measure in an ode. It is called *strophe*, which in Greek literally means a *turning*, because, at the end of it, you turn back to the same kind of verse with which you began." Again, "Horace uses twenty different species of metre; combining them in nineteen different ways, and of course forming nineteen different stanzas."

Now by turning to Horace's first ode, as well as all his satires and epistles, it will be seen that each line makes a stanza, as

"Musica stativa edite regibus." This ode, though it contains 36 lines, contains also an equal number of stanzas. So the poems of Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Lucian, Juvenal & others; indeed all hexameter verse requires but one line to make a stanza. Now therefore it is plain that in reading any poem whatever, if the lines all contain the same number of feet, each line is a stanza. Therefore upon this principle, which is correct, the above

four lines of Long Metre contain four stanzas but for the sake of the rhyme they may be called two.

In Common Metre, the 1st and 2nd lines are unequal, and the second and fourth are usually the only ones that rhyme, so that admitting rhyme to form a part of what is requisite for a stanza, it may require in this metre, four lines. But Adam says that our four lines of C. M. were anciently written in two lines of fourteen syllables each.

Again, in S. M. the first two are alike, but the third is unlike, therefore it strictly requires 3 lines to make a stanza, or if we admit rhyme to have a share, it will take four lines. But in L. M. a stanza can on no principle require but two lines, and I see no propriety in its taking but one, because the lines are all of eight syllables each. On the other hand, if 20 lines succeeded each other of unequal length, it requires the whole to make a stanza. The measure of English verse is determined by the number of syllables without dividing them into feet. Vide Adam's L. Grammar, page 243.

3. We refer to Dr. Delta's other authority, Dr. Webster; he says, "Stanza" a part of a poem containing every variation of measure in that poem." Now this definition is strictly correct, because it corresponds with what is advanced before, and upon this definition it requires but one line in L. M. to make a stanza; two lines in C. M. and three in S. M.

I have a great variety of Dictionaries before me, but I prefer to use the same authority that Delta has, because he probably made his best selection to sustain his point. Suffice however to add Dr. Johnson's: "Stanza, so much of a poem as contains every variation of measure, or relation of rhyme used in the poem." Dr. Johnson then would take 2 lines of L. M. because he makes rhyme constitute a part of a stanza. So that under any circumstances

contain four stanzas,
they may be called.

1st and 2nd lines are
fourth are usually
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metre, four lines.
four lines of C. M.
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Stanza's other authority,
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2 lines of L. M. be-
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to Delta's authority
allad or song, a stan-
then if we should
the correct; verse is
authority. But Web-
is Poetry. A short
, particularly of the

A piece of poetry,
be performed by a
anticipated what we
ing the word verse, he
more explicit. Now
rule of Jan. 17th, to
ses, so soon as they
more appropriate
ate as stanzas."

I submit it to his, and
ren, to say, whether
the old practice? The
artin is sufficient to
custom universally
g of the word verse.
ject of preaching is
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ain as can consist
ghish, and this idea
exercises of the pul-
ionately,

AMICUS.

was derived from
the 2nd declension"
line, except that it
able, and sometimes
and also referred to
exameter or Heroic
six feet to each line,
try of five feet, &c.
reference to the sub-

ferred to the arti-
I would merely say
le was against inno-
influenced the writ-

etary.

Martin, of Ashfield,
structures on the Dis-
and Gamma, respecting
think the matter of suffi-
the discussion; and yet
even the public his full
(though answering an
it might be deemed di-
screpancy contrary to my
communication, I will

sured that I receive his
"feeling" which he hopes
will freely" with him as he
the "good feeling" will

high authority to pro-
tary," and as his remark
it might be supposed
satisfied him; "but"
we up whether he could
that verse means a

"Young's Latin Di-
cates never seen; but a
years ago he saw an old
I should not have doubt-
tionally, though I know
one to which reference
membrane, to settle the

O. M. tells us: "A
worth in his 4th defini-
the words: "A line even
this amount? Why, to
not four lines) and that
line in poetry, yet on
verses in prose."

that one of the authors,
dialogue, says, "verse in
in any composition,
in the Scriptures;" let
us flourish about Matt.

my quotation from
says, "Adam no more
than Delta does, than
ence is this, the Dr. is
poetry or verse, and Del-
verse means one line or

four; he opens his Grammar and reads, "a verse is a certain number of long and short syllables disposed according to rule," and then says it means one line," &c. I reply that the expression, "disposed according to rule," sufficiently defines the meaning. The rule requires that when the requisite number of feet to fill the verse are written or printed, we must turn back and begin a new one.

And this is all that I mean by a line in poetry.— Some pages are so narrow that a word or two are put above or below; but this does not destroy the line of poetry. A stanza is such lines "disposed according to rule," whether they occupy the breadth of the page, more or less.

I acknowledge myself corrected in etymology.— Verse is indeed from versus; but this does not affect the sense, as versus is from *verti*, to turn, and is given to a line because "when the number of syllables is converted, we always turn back to the beginning of a line."

O. M. gives us Perry's definition of "verse, a paragraph." In application to prose, I have no objection to it. It accords with Webster as quoted above. But to argue that because verse in prose sometimes means a paragraph, is like saying, that because foot in a mechanic's rule means twelve inches, therefore in poetry it means twelve inches.

Such is the spirit of some of the remarks of this veteran advocate of the cause of Peace. Some of his topics we cannot here advert to, and many of his illustrations, striking and original as they were, are impossible for us here to introduce. He has been 14 years laboring in this cause. His experience, as we have heard it related, confirms, by abundant incidents, if confirmation it can be called, in such a case, that it is not a visionary delusion to trust in the promises of God. We trust that this cause with the method which is now pursued for its furtherance, will abundantly prosper. True it is that when the millennium shall come, the reign of peace will be fully established; but it is no less true that this reign began on the earth at the coming of the Messiah, must extend itself more and more, continue to spread out the sceptre of its gentle, though powerful sway, more and more, over the nations of the earth, or the millennium will never come.

The question is, What is the meaning of *verse in poetry*? or is it proper to call a number of lines in poetry a *verse*?

In Dr. Adam's Grammar there is much more evidence than was adduced in the Dialogue to prove that he considered a verse to be a line. He says, "lambic measure comprises *verses* of four syllables or of two feet, &c. &c. "We also find the last *verse* of a triplet," &c. (a triplet comprises three lines.) "Trochaic measure comprises *verses* 1. Of three syllables, 2. Of five syllables &c. Verses of Anaplectic measure consist of two, three, or four feet," &c. &c.

Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" seems to agree with the other authors whom I have quoted as to the meaning of verse. Speaking of some part of Addison's poetry, he says: "Of the next couplet, the first *verse* being included in the second, is therefore useless," &c. Your readers all know that a couplet is two lines; the first line the learned Dr. calls the first *verse*.

I respectfully ask for "high authority," such as your correspondent has acknowledged mine to be, or even respectable authority to prove the correctness of applying the term *verse* to a number of lines in poetry. When this is done, I shall acknowledge myself corrected and reformed.

This is a small matter, I admit; but it is better to be right than wrong even in small matters; and I should be better pleased with following custom, if I did not know that custom has sometimes given sanction to that which is wrong. Custom in this case however, is not uniform. Some literary men are accustomed to use the word *stanza*, and others *verses*; and we are at liberty to ascertain which custom accords best with the principles of true philology, and govern ourselves accordingly.

If I should be induced, with my present views, to use the word *verses* instead of *stanzas*, it would be merely because it is the custom of some, perhaps of the greater part of those who read hymns, and not from a conviction that it is, strictly speaking, philosophical.

I am yours respectfully,

DELTA.

[For the Secretary.]

PEACE.

The highly interesting address which have recently been delivered in this city, by Wm. Ladd, Esq. Gen. Agent of the Am. Peace Society, demand a public notice. Though something more than an hour in length, they were listened to by numerous audiences with the deepest attention. The venerable speaker's manner of presenting his subject, and his mode of illustration, were to us new and striking. There was no studied or formal attempt at eloquence; but the simple, artless development of a great subject exhibited in the light of Christianity, was itself more truly eloquent than any thing which art can bestow. The speaker's great aim was, not to show the temporal evils of war, but its utter incompatibility with the Christian religion, and to urge upon Christians their duty to raise the peaceful standard of the Gospel. He adduced, for the purpose of shewing the character of the Christian dispensation, some of those magnificent predictions of the peaceful nature of the Messiah's kingdom, with which the prophets abound. The fervent animals laying aside their ferocity, and dwelling harmoniously with those of the most inoffensive nature, was figurative prediction of the power of the gospel to tame the lion-like passions of mankind, and to fill their hearts with the spirit of gentleness and love.

The precepts of our Saviour himself beginning with his very first public annunciation of his doctrine to mankind, were at utter variance with the maxims of the world upon this subject. The very first words of the sermon on the Mount, are a benediction upon the poor in spirit. Blessed are not the heroes, the warriors, and the conquerors, but "the poor in spirit." Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. A new method of overthrowing evil was, in this sermon, disclosed to the world,—namely, that of requiring it with good. Old things were done away—all things now became new, by the bringing in of a more perfect and better covenant.

The whole tenor of the Saviour's life was in accordance with his precepts. It was one continued scene of humiliation and suffering. He bore with the most perfect patience and without resistance, the sneers, the scorn, and the persecutions of the world, until finally led like an unresisting lamb to the cross, consummated, by one great and final act of submission, the victory which he came to accomplish over sin and death. How different was his mode of conquest from that of the great and wise of this world! Yet he was the most triumphant of conquerors, the most sublime of victories. It was the conquest over sin, the victory over death. Death was swallowed up in victory. Then this mortal put on immortality, and thus corruptible put on incorruption.

Was the example of our Lord Jesus Christ to be imitated or to be disregarded by his disciples? How was it understood by his early followers? They walked in the light of his example. They suffered all things, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, yielded themselves up even unto death, that they might put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and set themselves forth in imitation of him; an example of long suffering and patience. They refused to bear arms, and thought the wielding of the sword incompatible with the spirit of their profession. While the example and the precepts of Christ were fresh in the minds of his followers, and were in the practice of the early Christians, as yet unsullied and unadulterated by maxims of worldly policy, Christianity advanced with a vigor and a rapidity which has never since been equalled.

It was only when under Constantine, the unnatural alliance was formed between the church and the world, and the church, as Bunyan expresses it, began to walk in silver slippers, that the fresh and vigorous impulses of the Christian religion were lost and a decimation came upon it, from which it has never yet recovered. Why is it that revivals of religion do not occur when the church is in a low state? It is because those who might become subjects of them, would be converted only to the same low standard.—They would become low Christians, and the church would go down and down from one degree to another in irretrievable declension. Now apply the same principle to the church universal, and inquire why the heathen world is so slow in becoming converted to Christianity. It is because God will not allow the character of the Christianity of the present day to be stamped upon the world. He will not allow the nations of the earth to be converted to a rum-selling, slaveholding, war-making Christianity. The church must arise, shake herself from the dust, and put on

her beautiful garment, then shall her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth. The standard of Christian duty must be raised.

It is when the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains, that all nations shall come and flow unto it.

It is a matter of surprise to many, said Mr. Ladd, that this cause, (the cause of Peace) though some have labored in it so long, has advanced so slowly. It is not, he continued, like some other benevolent causes, one whose progress is visible from day to day. It is rather like the working of the heaven, or the growth of a tree in its imperceptible silent progress. But still it is true that our advancement has been slow.

And if the friends of Peace have reason to blame

persons, those persons are themselves. We have

been mistaken in our mode of procedure. We have

gone to the world; we have appealed to this passion

and to that passion, we have spoken of our temporal

evils of war, its enormous expenses and its dreadful

ufferings. We are now persued that our true way

is to go to the church, to exhibit its direful conse-

quences, and of personal piety, are especially called for at the

present time. The present age of the church is em-

phatically one of action, but deficient, as we have

seen, in reflection and other devout exercises of the

heart.

We recollect some 20 years ago to have suggested

to a very pious presiding elder, our fervent wish that

all denominations would go into the use of these pre-

cious meetings, and realize their benefit. He replied

that he cordially wished they would, for religion's

sake. But said he, should they do it, and make them

what they should be, going the whole length of duty

and privilege, and enjoyment, it would put the most

effectual stopper on the growth of the Methodist

church, of any measure which could be adopted. This

shows fully how useful they are. And shall not all

Christians avail themselves of so great a blessing?

Very few, if any enlightened Methodists would object,

but rather be rejoiced to see others adopt a system

which has been to them so great a blessing.

Nodules of the organization or forms of a class

meeting are given, because it is presumed it is need-

ful. But such details shall be forthcoming, if called

for; and can, at any time, be learned from our Metho-

dist brethren, who would not refuse instruction in

either the theory or practice of any part of their poli-

cy. It is already begun, in a few of our churches;

we wish it were in all. Then would stupidity and

boldness be measurably removed, and converts would

cease to look abroad for a warm bosom on which to

recline, and which they had looked in vain to find

among those in whose midst they were born into the

kingdom of God.

AMOS GILES' DISTILLERY.—If any one asks the rea-

son why so much of the paper is covered with this dis-

tillery and its appendages, we can only reply, it has

lately become by a dream a very large affair.

It has occupied all the town of Salem, filled the streets with

tumult, many men with rage, and is very likely to fill

all countries with its fame. Its dreamy history, so

far as published, has been cowshed into the hands of

lawyers, constables, and courts, as reviewers; and

whether a second edition be called for or not, the pub-

lic will make the most of the first impression, as those

who claim the copy right as belonging to them, have

not yet obtained a judgment in their favor. A cor-

respondent (as will be seen by his remarks), desires to

see the whole story; and as we find it in several sev-

eral papers, we bring it out. The whole production

would have passed away as a tale that is told, and no

beyond Salem precincts would have called it to

remembrance, or have supposed that a local habita-

tion for the allusions could be found; but it seems

otherwise, by what followed the publication of the

dream. The remarks of the Editor of the Boston Re-

porter, in reference to the prosecutors of the dream-

er, printer, &c., place them in any thing but an enviable

light before the world. What in the name of

wonder, Deacon Stone or his family have done, that

they should claim damages to repair a reputation in-

jured by the allusions in the dream, is more than we

at a distance can conceive. They will no doubt in-

form the court, when the cause is on trial, and all may find out where is their vulnerable point. Till

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

POETRY.

From the Missionary.

CURE SIN, AND YOU CURE SORROW.
Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that he cannot save, neither his ear heavy, that he cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God." *Isaiah lxx. 1, 2.*

PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.

"Wake, arm divine! awake,
Eye of the only Wise!
Now for thy glory's sake,
Saviour and God, arise,
And may thine ear, that sealed seoms,
In pity mark our mournful themes!"

Thus in her lonely hour
Thy Church is fain to cry,
As if thy love and power
Were vanished from her sky;
Yet God is there, and at his side
He triumphs, who for sinners died.

Ah! 'tis the world enthralls
The heaven-betrothed breast;
The traitor Sense recalls
The soaring soul from rest.
That bitter sigh was all for earth,
For glories gone, and vanish'd mirth.

Age would to youth return,
Farther from heaven would be,
To feel the wild fire burn,
On idolizing knee
Again to fall, and rob thy shrine
Of hearts, the right of love divine.

Lord of this erring flock!
Thou whose soft showers distil
On ocean waste or rock,
Fre as on Hermon hill—
Do thou our craven spirits cheer,
And shame away the selfish tear.

'Twas silent all and dead!
Beside the barren sea,
Where Philip's steps were led,
Led by a voice from thee—
He rose and went, nor ask'd Thee why,
Nor stayed to heave one faithless sigh.

Upon his lonely way
The high-born traveller came,
Reading a mournful lay
Of "One who bore our shame,"
"Silent himself, his name untold,
And yet his glories were of old."

To muse what heaven might mean
His wondering brow he rais'd
And met an eye serene
That on him watchful gaz'd.
No Hermit e'er so welcome cross'd
A Child's lone path in woodland lost.

Now wonder turns to love;
The scrolls of sacred lore
No darksome maze prove;
The desert tires no more:
They bathe where holy waters flow,
Then on their way rejoicing go.

They part to meet in peace;
But of the joy they share,
Absolving and forgiven,
The sweet remembrance bear.
Yes—mark him well, ye cold and proud,
Bewilder'd in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale
At Rumour's angry din—
No storm can now assail
The charm he wears within,
Rejoicing still, and doing good,
And with the thought of God imb'd.

No glare of high estate,
No gloom of woe or want,
The radiance can abate
Where Heaven delights to haunt,
Sin only hides the genial ray,
And, round the Cross, makes night of day.

Then weep it from thy heart;
So mayst thou duly learn
The intercessor's part,
They prayers and tears may earn
For fallen souls some healing breath,
Ere they have died th' Apostle's death.

* See Acts viii. 23—40 ["Arise and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."] ^t Isaiah liii. 6—8. [‡] See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? [§] ["And he went on his way rejoicing."]

MISSIONARY TRIALS.

(Continued from our last.)

During the day the soldiers made a sally from the castle and drove the Fellahs into the lower part of the city; and although they again retired and shut themselves in, they kept up a constant fire upon the rebels. Our house being near the castle, we spent Monday and Tuesday unmolested, listening, however, to the breaking open of doors all around us. On Wednesday, while at breakfast, we heard them in the other part of the house we occupied, in one room of which was Mr. Nicolayson's library, together with several of our articles. After a few hours Mr. Nicolayson ventured over, determined to secure at least some of his most valuable papers, and if possible bring away a chest of ours. He found the room broken open and nearly all his papers gone. All the articles left in that part of the house were gone also, except the iron bedstead, which, as they could not carry it away, they had broken to pieces. Mr. Nicolayson loaded himself with what he most valued, and was returning, when he was called upon by these armed Fellahs from below and ordered to stop. Assuming as much confidence as he could, he demanded what they wanted? "To butcher them all," was the reply. "All who?" he asked. "Only the nezzam," (soldiers) they said; at the same

time assuring him that they intended no harm to the citizens, and charging the robbery upon some fellows who had broken in, in the morning. Though from several circumstances there was no doubt but they were the perpetrators, and had the things at that time concealed below. We were in their power, however, and prudence forbade us to press the point. They then requested permission to go over to the house. Their first object was to see if we had arms, ammunition, &c., and the other to ascertain whether the walls would stand the cannon of the castle, that they might make our house their fort. Being satisfied on this subject, they dug port holes through the walls, and next morning began to fire upon the men in the castle. This was quickly returned by the soldiers with cannon and small arms. And now, dear sister, conceive our situation. Exposed to the cannon of the castle before us, which was tearing to pieces our house already greatly shattered by the earthquakes, while the whole house and garden was filled by a lawless multitude of angry Fellahs. Parties were constantly bringing in their booty to our garden, giving fearful index of the work of plunder going on in the city.

Mr. Nicolayson obtained permission to remove his library below, but found to his great regret, that many of his most valuable books were gone, many sets broken, and many wantonly cut up for wadding for their guns. His valuable maps and engravings were all ruined. Being very much annoyed by continual demands, Mr. Nicolayson judged it best to hire a guard, and finally obtained ten, who engaged for a dollar a day each, to protect the house. They did their duty pretty well. One furious Fellah rushed into the part where we were, and immediately drew his sword, and would have laid the poor dog dead at his feet, but for the entreaty of Mr. Nicolayson. He then seized our servant by the collar and was going to run him through, on pretence of his being a nezzam. Being assured that he was an Englishman, and our servant, he let him go, and then left the house, taking with him such of my clothes as he fancied. All this day and night, and the greater part of the next day, we were literally in the ditz of war. We all stowed ourselves in a small lower room, where the walls were very thick, and heard the cannon balls whistle over us and around us. One large ball entered the dome of the little room in the garden where I slept, tore a large hole through, scattering the rocks and mortar all over the place where I and the babe used to lay. At every discharge of the cannon from the castle, the Fellahs in the house would set up a prodigious shout of defiance; and at stated periods they made signals to each other all over the city. I cannot tell you how this unearthly sound fell upon my ears. It was neither a yell, a shriek, or a shout, but a compound of all; and being prolonged while the voice could sustain it, was utterly terrific.

By Friday morning our guard had become so exorbitant in their demands, that we felt assured, that unless relief should soon arrive, our purses at least would no longer be in our own power. About noon, however, their tone altered, and we observed that their numbers were decreasing in the garden. At 4 o'clock Mr. Nicolayson heard some one say very hurriedly, * * *

Here the letter stopped abruptly, and I will endeavor to continue the narrative. The sentence should be finished, I believe, thus—"say very hurriedly," "They are coming, flee as soon as you can."—Mr. Nicolayson went into the garden and found not a single Fellah, and in a short time the pasha with all his army entered the city.

From this time they had no more difficulty. The pasha had several battles with the Fellahs, in all of which he was decidedly victorious, except the last, when he received a severe repulse, and many of his men were cut to pieces. Negotiations for peace were then commenced, and in a few days peace was ratified on terms, which I suppose neither party intended to observe. The Fellahs made no secret of their intention to break it, as soon as they were all collected from the different forts of the mountains. In the mean time, Mohammed Ali arrived in Jaffa, and sent for Ibrahim, the pasha; and he, leaving about half his army to guard Jerusalem, set out by night and came down the mountains before the Fellahs were aware that he had gone.

The whole month of June was cool and delightful, and Mrs. Thomson enjoyed excellent health until about the close of it, when she had a bilious attack. This, however, soon yielded to the ordinary remedies, and she again enjoyed tolerable health for some time.

LOUISIANA.—A missionary in this state says in his report—

"I attended an examination of the Bayou Chico Sunday School on last Sabbath; and I am truly thankful to the great Head of the church for the almost unparalleled progress many of the children are making in Bible knowledge. The examination was very solemn and truly interesting. The Rev. James B. Smith, a missionary, sent out by the Baptist Home Missionary Society, delivered an interesting discourse to the children, parents, and teachers. The Rev. W. A. Scott, who has just arrived from Princeton Theological Seminary, was present, and followed the Rev. Mr. Smith, with a sermon.

"Here was a scene which must have caused joy in heaven, in the presence of angels. I suppose there were fifty or more children, now in the habit of praying, the most of whom perhaps, six months ago, scarcely ever prayed, or even knew how. I must confess I am unable to express my gratitude to the giver of all good and perfect gifts, for what he has done for us. I have been despairing at times for success in this great and glorious cause, particularly when I have been so opposed by Christians; but I now feel the cause is God's, and must prevail. Brethren, pray for us, that the means may be blessed of God, and that the man of sin may be driven out by the force of light and truth. I

rejoice that Christ reigneth, and will reign until all enemies are under his feet."—S. S. Journal.

In the Missionary Register, of the Church Missionary Society are some remarks, which ought to be taken in good part, on the exceptional manner in which missionary meetings are reported in our country. The remarks apply to reports of all religious meetings. We are especially prone to the habit in speaking of successful preachers. The article begins thus:—S. S. Jour.

We notice with pain the manner in which some recent meetings, held in the U. States, N. A., are reported; and we here mention the subject, because the evil occasionally discovers itself, though in a less degree, in this country; and we cannot but hope, that, when once set in its proper light, the conductors and reporters of meetings for religious purposes will labor to feel and speak, and write, in a manner more accordant with the spirit of the gospel.

In reference to one of these meetings, it is said,—“A very appropriate prayer was offered.” “A farewell address was delivered, replete with sound sense clothed in words that burned.” “One spoke in a chaste and elevated style.” He was “eloquent and impressive.” Another “excelled himself.” “The choir performed admirably—the hymns were sung with much taste and spirit.” One “produced an electrifying effect.”

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN ILLINOIS.

The Illinois Sunday School Banner has been discontinued for want of patronage. The 1st number contains the minutes of the annual meeting of the Illinois S. S. Union at Vandilia, Dec. 1834, from which it appears that there have been added during the last year 40 schools, including 160 teachers, and 1000 scholars. There are now connected with the Union, 324 schools, 1571 teachers, and 10,890 scholars, besides 75 schools, 385 teachers, and 2720 scholars connected with the Methodist Union, making in the State, about 400 schools, 1996 teachers and 13,610 scholars.—Though there are in the State 90,000 children and youth who ought to receive the benefits of Sabbath schools, yet this is on the whole a cheering account, and we are confident that in no other Western States are the children so well provided as to S. School instruction, and if the noble resolution adopted at the annual meeting to raise \$2000 for S. School purposes during the year, should be carried into effect, the schools will be kept in existence and successful operation, and that new ones will be formed, but without efficient agents the work will decline. And as the A. S. S. Union from the extent of their operations and the poverty of their funds, have declined to further extend to them their accustomed munificence, it is hoped that help may arise from some other quarter.

From the American Baptist.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The following letter has been politely furnished for the American Baptist, by Dr. Brantly, and will be read with interest.

Any thing respecting the early history of an Institution so extensively beneficial to the world as that of Sabbath Schools, is interesting. We therefore insert, with pleasure, the following communication. We believe that Ephrata is a Moravian town, and presume that Ludwig Hacker was a German.

EPHRATA, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Feb. 3rd. 1835. §

DEAR FRIEND,—

In a conversation with you, a few years since, I mentioned that there had been a Sabbath School established at Ephrata, in this state, at a very early period;—many years before they were introduced in England, and promised to communicate to you some of the particulars as soon as I could get to this place again, and obtain authentic information respecting it. Hitherto long protracted indisposition prevented me from visiting this region, to examine the archives of the society under whose auspices it was supported, which are very voluminous, and written in the German language—making it an arduous undertaking for an invalid. Yet, desirous of prosecuting the inquiry and to come at its correctness, lately, I have applied myself to the task, and am happy to inform you with a success that may be gratifying to our national feelings.

To RODERICK RAES is, certainly, due the credit of having projected and successfully introduced the present general system of Sabbath School instruction. His attention was attracted to the subject in the year 1742, and, by his devotion, was soon introduced into common use among all denominations of Protestant Christians. Yet it may be interesting to the friends of the cause in this hemisphere, to learn that a Sabbath School was in successful operation in this country, between thirty and forty years before the first school was opened by Mr. Raes.

It was instituted some time between the years 1740 and '47,—the exact period cannot be ascertained,—but it flourished many years, and was attended with some remarkable consequences. It produced an anxious inquiry among the juvenile population who attended the school, which soon displayed itself, in what now is termed a revival of religion. The scholars, who also attended the regular day school, were found meeting together daily, between school hours, to pray and exhort one another. On this discovery, a temporary room was provided, where they met regularly twice a day, under the superintendance of one of the brethren. The excitement increased to excess, and the Pastor, BEISSE, considering it a zeal not according to knowledge, discouraged the building of a house for meetings separate from the society, which had been commenced and partly under way. The materials for the house were provided, as is recorded in the minutes of the society, in the year 1749.

Ludwig HACKER, who was the projector, was the teacher of the common school, in

Ephrata, and who in union with some of the brethren of the society conducted the school, to give instruction to the indigent children who were kept from regular schools by the employment which their necessities obliged them to be engaged at, as well as to give religious instruction to those of better circumstances. HACKER came to Ephrata in the year 1739, and it is presumed that the Sabbath School was commenced soon after he took up his residence among them. After the battle of Brandywine in the revolutionary war, the Sabbath School room, with others, was given up for a Hospital, which was occupied as such for a long time—and the school was never afterwards re-

sumed. will excuse the freedom of my suggesting the propriety of these details being given to the religious public, (to whom the name of Dr. CAREY must be already familiar,) through the medium of some of your newspapers.

I remain, yours, my dear Sir,

SAMUEL HOPE.

His will is a noble declaration of the voluntary poverty of this first of modern missionaries, and it is a triumphant vindication from the charge of owning a splendid establishment at Serampore. The will is taken from an East India paper. It will be seen that, excepting his wife's property, over which he exercised no control, he could bequeath his children little more than his library.—Am. Bapt.

From the Christian Guardian.
Useful Consequences of Bacchanalian Friendship.

Stop! drunkards, stop! nor rush to hell's abyss, O! quit such madness—look at this!

On the 26th Jan. a man by the name of Scalley, of the township of London, got some liquor on hand to make a bee to haul home some timber, and he and another or two acquaintances were drinking the liquor, and one of them took it in his head to go about a mile in the woods to the dwelling of an old pot-valiant mate, and bring him down to have a drink. He went and roused the man out of his bed, leaving a little boy, the only one in his house, in bed, and went with the mate to the house where the liquor was, and drank to his new-comer friend, who soon got hold of it, and opening the door of his appetite, down goes the fire-water; and, as appears by after evidence, he sat a few minutes on a seat, and dropped down on the floor, as was thought fit to rest. The party drank until they had to get home as well as they could, in a state of intoxication, leaving the unfortunate man in question on the floor; in the morning he was found dead. An inquest was held over him, and a verdict of "Death by drinking ardent spirits," was given by the jury. The unfortunate man's name was COX. He was much addicted to drinking ardent liquors.

From the Vermont Telegraph.

BR. KIMBALL,

You will recollect that the Committee on the State of the Treasury, raised by the last Convention, reported that it was necessary \$2500 should be raised by the state for Missionary purposes the ensuing year, and that in their opinion the Fairfield Association should raise \$360 of that sum. A Convention of this Association, held in Fairfax, for the purpose of dividing it, resolved that they would endeavor to raise \$600. It gives me pleasure to say that more than four hundred dollars of that sum are already subscribed, and several towns have not yet been visited. I think it probable that this association will raise nearly double the proportion assigned to them by the Committee. Our Brethren and Friends are more unanimous and warmly the friends of Missions than I expected to find them. The business of my agency is much more pleasant than I anticipated. If our Brethren through the State do as well as those already solicited, our treasury will present a different aspect the coming fall.

Yours respectfully,

A. SABIN.

LABORS OF DR. CAREY.

The following letter was addressed to a gentleman in Philadelphia, and sent to us for insertion.—Am. Bapt.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 1, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR.—The high estimation in which I know you have long held the character and extraordinary talents and labors of the venerable Dr. CAREY, of Serampore, renders it quite unnecessary for me to apologize for informing you that this great and good man has rested from his labors, having expired on the 9th of June last, a short time before the period when he would have completed his 73d year.

This event, which was brought on by paralysis, the effect of his intense mental application, had been looked for by his friends and associates for some time before, and he had himself been anticipating it for the same period, as he told me by letter, without rapture, but with composure and even with joy, as the fruit of a firm confidence in the cross, and atoning sacrifice of the Son of God.

A little before his death, after a long suspense, occasioned by adverse winds, letters were received from various parts of England, manifesting an increased attention to the mission in which he had so long labored. [One of these contained an anonymous donation from a lady, of £500 to its funds, and £500 to the College.] These were read to him, and he emphatically thanked God that he had been permitted, before his departure, not only to see the mission in a state of greater efficiency than on any former period, but to witness also such pleasing evidence of his own labors, and those of his beloved associates in the work, being justly appreciated by his friends at home.

You are aware that he was honored of God to be the chief instrument in the translation of the sacred Scriptures into the languages of the East. Of the value of his labors, you will be able then to form some just idea, when I state that in addition to tracts translated into nine different languages, (above 70 in number,) a Bengal newspaper, which has taken great hold on the minds of the natives, and destroyed many of those prejudices which operated as great hindrances to the spread of the gospel—and a variety of other publications, alike interesting to the oriental scholar, and to all the friends of missions; there have issued from the Serampore press more than 212,000 volumes of the sacred Scriptures in 40 languages, spoken by more than two hundred and seventy millions of immortal beings, and that, in connection with the mission, there are now fifty able, zealous, and disinterested Evangelists laboring among the heathen, and not a few of them in countries where there is no other Christian Missionary.

Not being in correspondence with any other friends in your part of the Union, perhaps, you

are deeply grieved yourself, from any cause, look around you and find some unhappy person whom you may do good. There is a sweet relief in this. Every tear you wipe away from a widow's or a sick man's face, will be a drop of balm to your own wounded heart. Thus you seem to get amends of the adversary. Satan would tempt you to selfish grief and misanthropy; break forth into active well-doing, and you utterly thwart him.

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